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THE BROKEN SPELL.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Ernest—oh, Ernest! 'tis a lonely night,
A night of starry sadness and dim dreams;
And I am paler by this misty light
Than the cold corpse of thy devotion seems!

But thou—I know the olden glory yet
Burns mid the shadows of thy haunting eyes;
I know—but think not, boy, I regret
The long hushed music of thy love's soft sighs.

They tell me thou art brighter than of yore,
And that one word would win thee back again;
Yet go—I *loved* thee—but I love no more!
Thy picture's faded from my heart and brain.

I'd call thee "friend"—but that's a sacred name—
And thou didst leave me frail and all alone,
When fate frowned—when harsh words like whirlwinds came,
And shook the purple of my spirit's throne.

But now—ah, Ernest, Ernest—now, yes now
I see thee come silent and tremblingly,
With down-cast eyes, I see thee come and bow
To the world's idol! how I blush for thee!

Yet think not that I turn from thee for scorn—
Again I tell thee that I love thee not;
Thou knowest I did in youth's romantic morn,
And that young vision is—not quite forgot.

And yet 'tis faded. All the fragrant flowers
That blossom sweet round that enchanted scene,
The summer stars, the birds, the myrtle bowers,
The dreamy music and the lake's blue sheen—

Ay, all the scenery of my soul is changed—
Thou art the hero of my heart no more!
My love from thee has long, long been estranged;
Then leave me now—even as you did of yore.